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LANDSCAPE.—SALUDA IN MIDSUMMER.

By William Gilmore Simms.

WHEN to the city's crowded streets
The fiercer spells of summer come,
Then for thy calm and cool retreats,
Saluda, may the wanderer roam.

Then should he seek thy guardian haunts,
Thy rocky stream, thy shady tree,
And, while the plain below him pants,
From all oppression find him free.

Above him towers thy giant form,
Rock-throned, and rising like a king ;
Around him rides thy summer storm,
With cooling freshness on his wing.

Beside him, borne o'er craggy steeps,
From dells that never see the light,
Thy sun-bowed cataract roars and leaps,
In joyous gush and headlong flight.

Below him—what a scene is there !
The hallowed, sweet repose of home,
The sheltered green, the waters clear,
The sylvan sway, the cottage dome,

Gathering above, the noonday clouds
The sun's intenser fires would chide,
His glories edging still their shrouds,
Palls not unmeet for princely pride.

And far in sight the streamlet goes,
With ceaseless chant of grateful cheer,
Glad in escape from hungering foes,
And singing but in friendly ear.

See where the hunter speeds his bark,
Not as the Indian chief of old,
Bound on some errand, wild and dark,
Whose legend still remains untold ;

But bent to cross the foaming straits,
And win the woods of yonder shore,
Where, hid in thicket, one awaits—
She knows not why—yet feels the more !

How changed the strife for sweet repose ;
No more the red man scouts the wood ;
The hunter through the thicket goes,
Nor dreams of hostile hate and blood.

The wolf with mournful howl departs ;
The panther's spotty hide makes gay
The cot, where woman's gentler arts
Woo young affections forth to play.

And safe within the cottage shade,
The song birds, with a generous strain,
Teach Nature's music to the maid,
Who pays them back with song again.

The prowler hawk no more infests
Their home ; and o'er the sacred place,
They pour from glad and grateful breasts,
Their raptures for the guardian race :

Crown home with grace, make lonely cot,
For humble hearts, a home of joy ;
Such as makes sweet the lowliest lot,
And glads the dream of man and boy.

Oh ! not alone a dream, while here
The Nature well achieves her part,
And in her colors, bright and clear,
Prepares the holier dawn of art.

Hence, to the city, well transferred,
Our poet-painter bears the scene :
We see the landscape, hear its bird,
Dance with its groups, and feel its green ;

Joy in the gush of living streams,
That bound from prison forth to light,
And feel, all quivering through our dreams,
The music which they make in flight ;

And hear, with reverent awe, the roar,
From gathering winds, through many a dell ;
Of heights we may not oft explore,
That rush, a wondrous tale to tell.

Oh ! but to dream beneath the rocks,
And hear that song so wondrous sweet,
While fancy every door unlocks,
And brings us, Nature, to thy feet !

THE PHANTOM FIELD.

By O. J. Victor

THE snow lies deep upon the ground ;
All icy is the air :
The trees a winding-sheet have found
By the wild winds' care ;

The beast stands trembling in his shed ;
The sheep within its fold :
Without, all life is stiff and dead—
Within, all chill and cold.

Is it the night when spirits pass
All through the old kirk-yard ?
Is it the night when solemn mass
Above its graves is heard ?

The kirk-yard sleeps a quiet sleep :
The wind alone is there ;
The ghastly stones their long watch keep,
And whisper to the air.

Is it the night when spectre men
Are loosened from the dead,
And stalk around the Phantom plain
Until the night is fled ?

O keen the wind and cold the air
Above the Phantom field,
Yet ghostly forms are stalking there
Armed with a sword and shield.

And gathering slow in serried rank
They turn toward the West ;
Their empty coffins guard each flank—
Five hundred stand abreast.

In battle rank, with noiseless tread,
They hurry to the height,

Where stand ten thousand other dead
Uncoffined for the fight.

O keen the wind and cold the air
Around the Phantom height,
Yet spectre men are battling there
In fierce, exultant fight.

And shields are rent and swords are bent,
And limbs bestrew the ground,
Yet skeletons, with strength unspent,
Strike where a shield is found.

And skulls are cleft on right and left
Till shines the moon o'erhead—
Till twice five thousand coffins stand
Alone, flanking the dead.

O keen the wind and cold the air
That sweeps above the plain,
Yet must the empty coffins bear
The skeletons again.

Over the silent field they haste
To gather limb and bone ;
Tho' skulls and limbs are wide displaced,
Each coffin knows its own.

Soon every limb is gathered in :
Seon every lid is fast :
And, falling into rank again,
They turn toward the East.

And marching o'er the frozen plain
With swift and noiseless tread,
They stand beside the graves, again,
Made for the Evil Dead.

Two Death's-heads stand above each mound ;
(A fearful watch they keep !)
The coffins sink into the ground
Another year to sleep.

But when another year is fled—
When comes St. Stephen's night,
The Death's-heads shall unloose their dead
Uncoffined for the fight.

And when five hundred years have passed,
The penance shall be done :
The skeletons shall sleep at last,
And moulder, limb and bone.

I'VE PLUCKED THEE FROM MY HEART.

By Estelle Anne Lewis.

FROM out my heart I've plucked thee as a worm
From out a bud where softly thou hadst crept
And coiled thyself—in odorous slumber slept
As naught upon the earth could break thy charm.
Thy usurpation did not work much harm :
A little time—a little ventilation—
Will put it in a state of preservation,
And soon with strength and former courage arm.
The damage is that others took alarm,
And from it fled, as from a house that's haunted,
Upon the guest they saw therein descended,
In terms that were, perchance, a little warm—
O my poor heart ! how oft I've shut thy door
With vows and oaths to ope it never more !